

POETRY.

Selected.

From *Blackwood's Magazine* for July.
THE ENGLISH BOY.
BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Go call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them
To pay it, by transmitting down entire (swear
Those sacred rights to which themselves were
born."

Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English Boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foemen's march
Pass'd o'er that old firm sod;
For well the land hath fealty held
To Freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy!
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore,
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, 'midst oak and yew!
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minister lifts the cross
High thro' the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free hearts'
blood,
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English Boy!
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billow's pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstain'd;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English Boy!
And pray, like them to stand,
Should God so summon thee, to guard
The altars of the land.

From *The Religious Magazine*.
THE PLEASURES OF A COLLEGE
"SCRAPE."

It was a cold December evening,—
dark, cloudy and rainy. I had a book
of nautical sketches in my hand, and a
cigar in my mouth. My room-mate, who
would be classed by naturalists under
the genus *Facetiosus*, was sitting upon
the other side of the table, which was
covered with books, in the centre of the
room. His feet were elevated upon the
mantel, and he was pouring forth wreaths
of smoke from an immense "long nine,"
that adorned his mouth. The glowing
embers of a good fire warmed and en-
livened the room.

"Chum," said I, "let us have a scrape
to-night."

"Agreed,—but what shall we do?"

"A bonfire would look nobly this dark
night," replied, as I rose and looked
out into the cold and dark damp air.

"Very well,—light the dark lantern,
and here, turn your coat inside out, so
that no one will know you. And where
is that piece of burnt cork? We had
better burn our faces a little."

The burnt cork could not be found.
However we rigged ourselves in such
a disguise that no one could have de-
tected us by our dress, and sallied forth
on our expedition of pleasure.

About half a mile from college there
were some empty tar barrels, which we
thought would most effectually dispel
the gloom of the night. Just as we got
hold of one, a gust of wind rattled a pile
of boards near us. We thought that the
owner of the barrel was upon us, and
fully aware that discretion was the bet-
ter part of valor, we retreated at the top
of our speed. Chum, in his hurried
flight, stumbled over a log, and, in a
twinkling, was lying prostrate in the
mud. In his fright, however, he felt
that there was no time to be wasted,
and, with bruised cheeks and bleeding
nose, and drenched with mire, he again
manifested that "discretion" which is
"the better part of valor." Finding
that we were not pursued, we began to
think we had fled at a false alarm. I
proposed returning to the charge, but
found that the ardor of my chum's zeal,
as might naturally have been expected,
had become wonderfully cooled.

"Fun!" exclaimed he, "is this what
you call fun? Just hold up your lantern,
and look at my face and clothes."

"To be sure," said I, as I looked at
his woe-begone appearance, "I can
conceive of a more agreeable situation
for a man to be in. But I would not
give up now, chum."

"Well," said he, "we are in for a
scrape, and let us have it out. But, I
assure you, my wet feet and clothes, to
say nothing of the bruises, do not feel
very comfortable, this cold night."

We soon were tugging at the tar bar-
rel again. It was wet and heavy, and
we found it no light task to carry it such
a distance. After toiling and fretting
for some time, chum stopped in despair.

"Why, Henry," said he, "I am
prodigiously tired, and we have a quar-
ter of a mile farther to carry this heavy
thing through the mud."

"To tell the truth, chum," I respon-
ded, "I wish I had put on some old
clothes. I have got this tar all over my
pantaloon."

"Horrible," said chum, "I never
thought of the tar on the outside. Here,
hold the light. Let me look at my
clothes."

Oh, what a picture of Hogarth! His
coat was turned inside out, and drench-
ed with water and mud. His pantaloons
were in a similar plight, the tar being
in various places fairly worked in to the
very texture of the cloth. His face was
muddy and scratched, and there was
upon it a most ludicrous expression of
perplexity and vexation. However, pride
and will were enlisted, and, after a little
delay, we soon were again trudging a-
long with our burden.

Chum had hold
of one side of the barrel, and I the other,
while the lantern was resting upon its
head; and when, at length, we arrived
in the college yard, the chapel clock
was just tolling eleven.

"Henry," said chum, "you go out
to the yard there, and get some shav-
ings, while I go up the room and get a
tinder box. Our lantern is all broken
to pieces."

I went groping along in the dark,
through mud and water, and wet grass,
to get some fuel. After searching for
some time, I succeeded in getting some
shavings which I thought sufficiently
dry to kindle. Hastening back to the
barrel, I found chum waiting with his
tinder box. We arranged the fuel,
struck a light, and applied the match.

A clear beautiful flame rose gracefully
into the darkened air. As we, however,
for sufficient reasons, "loved darkness
rather than light," we fled, with the ut-
most precipitation from the illuminated
circle, and softly crept up to our rooms.

Almost breathless we hastened to the
window, to gaze upon our splendid bon-
fire, and lo! all was Egyptian darkness.
Not the least glimmer of light cheered
our eyes.

It was intolerable to fail after having
done so much; so out we sallied again,
to see if we could not kindle our wet
fuel to a flame. By dint of much per-
severance, we obtained some dry ma-
terials, and soon secured a more sure
fire, which began to burn in earnest, and
to illuminate the objects around with its
bright flashes. We had so arranged
the fuel now, that we felt confident it
would burn, though it would take some
time for it to get fully on fire. It was
necessary for us to go directly by the
Tutor's door, as we went up into the
third story of the building, to our own
room. The window's of the Tutor's
room looked out upon the fire, and we
feared detection if he should hear us
going by, at that late hour of the night.

As soon as we entered the entry, there-
fore, we took off our shoes, and crept
softly along in our stocking feet. The
clock struck twelve, as we were ascend-
ing the first flight of stairs. Just as we
were opposite the Tutor's door, creep-
ing along almost breathless, the door
opened, and out came the Tutor with a
candle in his hand. He held the can-
dle in his face, and, in the most gentle-
manly manner imaginable, called me by
name; and then turning to chum, with
the same gentlemanly and provokingly
complacent voice, called him by name.

As his eye glanced down our dis-
guised and muddy clothes to our unshod
feet, and rested a moment upon the
shoes in our hands, I fancied I saw a
smile struggling to curl his lip. How-
ever, he restrained it, and turned to go
into his room. But suddenly he stop-
ped, as though a new thought had struck
him, and said—

"I perceive there is a little fire kind-
ling out in the yard; won't you be so
kind as to go down with me and help me
to extinguish it."

There was no time to hold a council
of war, and each followed the other.
Never was a man so perfectly civil, as
was the Tutor, and never were two
wretches so perfectly crest fallen as my
companion and I. We very submis-
sively and silently followed him out into
the yard; for how in the world could

we refuse so respectful and reasonable
a request?

"Will you be kind enough," said he
to me, "just to roll that tar barrel out
into that puddle of water. I would help
you, but I see your gloves are already
wet."

"Indeed you do," thought I, "and
how in the world do you suppose they
became wet?" But it would not do for
me to think aloud.

"Mr. G—," said he to my chum,
"won't you put those brands in the wa-
ter, and crowd them under a little, so
that they cannot be set on fire again
easily."

Hiss—ss—s—went the brands, and
all was again dark as night. We grop-
ed our way along to the college, but the
blood rushed into my face, as, once or
twice, I heard a kind of stifled noise, as
though the Tutor were trying to restrain
his convulsions of laughter. Whether this
was the case or not, he was perfectly
composed by the time we came to the
door of his room, where the light shone
upon our faces.

"Good night, young gentlemen,"
said he very pleasantly, "I am much
obliged to you for your assistance. Let
me light you up stairs."

As we walked up the stairs, he very
politely held the candle, so that he could
leisurely inspect the beauties of our ap-
pearance.

"Well,—well,—well!" said chum,
as we closed the door of our room, "if
this is what you call a scrape, I don't
desire another."

"Why," said I, "he don't know that
we built the fire."

"Don't know it!" said chum. "Did
you ever hear one of the government
call a student Mister before? Why he
treated us as respectfully as though we
were the most important personages in
the country. 'Don't know it? Why,
what in the world does he suppose you
are dressed in that pea jacket for, and
with that old ragged hat on? And what
does he suppose this coat of mine means,
turned inside out, and this tar, which
he could not help seeing. I'd give twenty
dollars, any minute, to be out of this
scrape.'"

I felt a little worse than my chum,
and accordingly tried to conceal my
feelings by forced jokes.

"What a beautiful fire we have got
out there," said I, looking out into the
darkness of the night.

"Come, come, Henry," said he, "I
think we have had fun enough, such as
it is, for one night, and I am going to
bed." "I have ruined these clothes
completely," he continued, as he began
to undress, "I shall never be able to
wear them again. And now our fire is
all out, and we must go to bed with feet
both wet and cold. If we are not sick,
after this, it will be very strange."

I saw that chum was indeed in a glo-
omy mood, and as I, in heart, felt no less
so, we both in silence prepared for bed.

Any person, who knows what it is to go
to bed chilled through with exposure to
the rain, and with feet in the state of
wet icicles, will know that we could not
soon fall asleep.

We had been in bed I should think
about half an hour in perfect silence. I
was thinking, with a good deal of anx-
iety, of the probable consequences of the
evening's occurrence.

"Henry!" said chum, in a voice which
showed that he was as far from sleep as I.
"Henry, if they suspend us what shall
you do?"

"Poh, chum," said I, "don't talk so;
it makes me feel ugly."

"Well," said he drily, "if the talk-
ing makes you feel ugly, how will the
reality make you feel. They will have
us up before the government to-morrow,
and what under the sun can we say. We
shall have to spend a few months in the
country, as sure as the world, and that
will be fine tidings to carry home."

My heart beat quick, as I felt the
strong probability that chum's apprehen-
sions would be realized. At last, how-
ever, I fell into a light doze, and, in
troubled dreams, was arraigned before
the government of the college. There
was no escape from detection. I received
a suspension bill, and, almost dis-
tracted with shame, went to a most dis-
mal abode in the country. Again, I
went home in disgrace. I met my fa-
ther and mother, and oh, how deeply
did I feel reproached by their silent
grief. Thus the night passed away, till
the morning bell called us to prayers.

We both rose with stiffened limbs. Chum
found, to his extreme mortification, that
the scratches he received in his face by
his fall, were far too deep for water to
remove, and, as he had taken so violent
a cold, that he could hardly speak, he
felt it necessary for him, if possible, to
avoid making his appearance.

I, however, after having dressed my-
self in a new suit of clothes, went into
the chapel to prayers, and from prayers
to the recitation room. As the students
flocked along, the remains of the miser-

able failure of a bonfire attracted their
attention, and many were the cutting
jokes that were thrown out against the
unfortunate fellows who "tried to and
could n't."

In the recitation room, I was called
upon to recite, but made most wretched
work of it. A kind of half smile strug-
gled upon the Tutor's lip, as he said in
a voice low and almost inarticulate to
every one but me. "You may sit down;
you are very excusable, as you were
assisting me, last evening."

"W-h-a-t," whispered the student
who sat next to me, "w-h-a-t in the
world did he say to you?"

I endeavored, as well as I could, to
shuffle off the question. But, immedi-
ately after recitation, some dozen of the
students came clustering around me to
ascertain what I had been helping the
Tutor do. I could not conceal my con-
fusion, but I did not dare let the truth
be known, for I knew it would be a stand-
ing joke against me, that I should never
hear the last of.

We went to breakfast, but I had no
appetite. The apprehension of being
called into the President's study, and
receiving either a public reprimand, or
a bill of suspension, made me most per-
fectly wretched. As I returned to my
room, there was poor chum, looking ver-
y much like a culprit waiting his exe-
cution. We had not watched at the
window long, before we saw the Tutor,
going straight as an arrow, across the
college yard, to the President's study.

Our blood chilled within us, as we await-
ed the summons which should call us
into that dread presence. A half hour of
most awful suspense passed away, and
we saw the Tutor returning. We tho't
that the awful moment was now at hand.
But the Tutor went quietly to his room,
and during the forenoon no message
came for us. We were, however, con-
tinually expecting a summons, and were
in such a state of apprehension that it
was impossible to study. Towards the
close of the forenoon we concluded, that
there was not time to assemble the gov-
ernment in the morning, and that they
had postponed the subject till the even-
ing. The anxiety we were in, was so
great, that an immediate settlement in
any way would almost have been a re-
lief. Evening came, and we sat down
at our fireside with most unenviable feel-
ings. Presently, there was a tap at the
door. My blood curdled, "Come in,"

said chum, with a faltering voice. It
was a fellow student. The weary hours
of the apparently interminable evening
lagged along, and still no summons from
the government.

"Why, Henry," said chum, "it can-
not be that the Tutor has not informed
against us?"

"No," said I, "we were so complete-
ly caught, that we shall, of course, be
haunted up for it. But if they were going
to suspend us I think they would have
a meeting to-day. You know they have
a government meeting every Wednesday
evening. I rather think as they have
got us so safe, they have put off the sub-
ject till then."

These thoughts were a little relief to
our minds, but they lengthened out the
period of our suspense. Wednesday
evening at length came, and with it fresh-
ened feelings of apprehension. But the
evening passed away—and the next day
—and the next, and no notice was taken
of our evening adventure. Gradually
our feelings became calm, and the re-
membrance of the scrape ceased to haunt
our minds. The Tutor was as generous
a man as ever lived, and probably thought
our detection by himself was punishment
enough. At any rate we felt it to be so,
for one evening, as we were sitting mus-
tng by the fire side, chum suddenly spoke
up—

"Henry, if ever I felt grateful to a
man in my life, I do to the Tutor; and
if I live to graduate, I will thank him for
his forbearance."

Several months after the event we
have now been relating, a student came
into our room, late on a dark evening.

"Come," said he, "don't you want
to go and have a scrape?"

Chum sprang from his chair, as though
he had been shot.

"Scrape! you rascal—you scoundrel—
you villain!" shouted he in the vehem-
ence of his indignation.—"Do you
want to get me into a scrape? I have
had one, and it was almost the death of
me. Get out of my room."

The fellow fled in terror, and no one
else ever asked chum or me to enjoy
the pleasures of a college "scrape."

BURNS' HIGHLAND MARY.

The parents of Highland Mary lived
in Greenock, and she crossed the firth
of Clyde to visit some relations in Cow-
al, previous to her marriage. Her fa-
ther was a mariner; had two sons, Ar-
chibald and Robert; and besides Mary,
a daughter, named Anne, who married
James Anderson, a stone mason. All
these individuals are now dead: Mary

was not long outlived by her father and
brothers: her mother died in great po-
verty in 1828. The representatives of
Highland Mary, therefore, now consist
of Anderson's children—two sons and
two daughters. Mary, it appears, was
not hurried to the grave immediately af-
ter her return from Cowal; she lived se-
veral weeks with her father, and every
week received a letter from her lover.

The circumstances of a girl in her hum-
ble condition receiving a letter weekly,
excited the curiosity of the neighbours;
the secret was carefully hunted out, and
one of the gossips informed her father
and mother that Mary was in the habit
of receiving letters from a person named
Burns, who was known to be a strange
character, and "a great scoffer of wo-
men." Mary was questioned on the sub-
ject, and admitted the correspond-
ence, laughing heartily at the descrip-
tion of her lover, whose scoffing, she
said, she was ready to trust to. After
this, Mary was allowed to receive her
letters openly; one of them, it appears,
contained the song of "The Highland
Lassie, O;" for her mother got it by
heart from the poet's correspondence,
and, in her declining years, soothed her
grand children with strains which re-
corded the charms of her favourite daugh-
ter. It is to be regretted that none of
these letters are now in existence. After
Mary's death, her father disliked all
allusions to her or to her lover; and
when Burns wrote a moving letter, re-
questing some memorial of her he loved
so dearly, the stern old man neither an-
swered it, nor allowed any one to speak
about it in his presence. His grand-
children can sing some scraps of the
songs which he wrote in praise of their
aunt; and these, save the Bible pre-
sented to her by the poet, are all that the
relatives of Highland Mary have to bear
testimony of the love that was between
her and Burns. Before the "last fare-
well," commemorated in the song of
"Highland Mary," the lovers plighted
mutual faith, and, exchanging Bibles,
stood with a running stream between,
and, lifting up its waters in their hands,
vowed love while the woods of Mont-
gomery grew and its waters ran. The
spot where this took place is still point-
ed out. Mary's Bible was of the com-
monest kind, and consisted of one vo-
lume only—that of Burns was elegantly
bound, and consisted of two volumes.

In the first volume he had written—
"And ye shall not swear by my name
falsely—I am the Lord.—Levit. chap.
xix. v. 12." In the second—"Thou shalt
not forswear thyself, but shall perform
unto the Lord thine oath.—St. Math. chap.
v. v. 33;" and on a blank leaf of both vo-
lumes "Robert Burns, Mossie." By the
death of Mary, this Bible came into
possession of her mother, who, about
twelve years ago, gave it to her only
surviving daughter, Mrs. Anderson.

The circumstance of its being in two
volumes seemed, at one period, to
threaten its dismemberment; for, up-
wards of five years since, Mrs. Ander-
son presented a volume to each of her
daughters; but on the approaching
marriage of these two females some time
afterwards, her eldest son, William An-
derson, a mason in Renton, prevailed
upon each of his sisters, to dispose of
the volumes they had reserved to him;
and thus both volumes, once more united,
now remain in the custody of the
senior nephew of the Highland Mary.

The sacred verses we have quoted a-
bove remain in the bold, distinct hand
writing of the poet; but his signature,
on the opposite leaves, is almost wholly
obliterated. In the first volume, a ma-
sonic emblem, drawn by Burns, below
his signature, is in complete preserva-
tion. Mr. William Anderson is also
possessed of a pretty large lock of his
aunt Highland Mary's hair, a portion of
which he presented to us, as a relic of
the bard's first love.—*Cunningham's
Edition of Burns.*

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